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RELATION

OF THE LATE ROYALL ENTERTAINMENT

GIVEN BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD KNOVVLES, AT *Cawſome*-Houſe neere *Redding*: to our moſt *Gracious Queene, Queene* ANNE, *in her* Progreſſe toward the *Bathe*, vpon *the ſeuen and eight and twentie dayes of April.* 1613.

VVhereunto is annexed the Deſcription, Speeches, and Songs of the Lords Maske, preſented in the Banquetting-houſe on the Mariage night of the High *and Mightie*, COVNT PALATINE, *and the Royally deſcended the Ladie* ELIZABETH.

Written by THOMAS CAMPIAN.

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A RELATION OF THE LATE ROYALL ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY the Right Honorable, the Lord KNOVVLES, at *Cawsome*-House neere *Redding*: to our *most gracious Queen, Queene* ANNE, in her Progresse toward the *Bathe* vpon the seuen and eight and *twentie dayes of Aprill.* 1613.

FOr *as much as this late Entertainment hath beene much desired in writing, both of such as were present at the performance thereof, as also of many which are yet strangers both to the busines and place: it shall be conuenient, in this generall publication, a little to touch at the description and situation of* Cawsome *seate. The house is fairely built of bricke, mounted on the hill-side of a Parke, within view of* Redding, *they being seuered about the space of two miles. Before the Parke-gate, directly opposite to the House, a new passage was forced through earable-land, that was lately paled in, it being from the Parke about two flight-shots in length: at the further end whereof, vpon the Queenes approch, a* Cynick *appeared out of a Bower, drest in a skin-coate, with Bases of greene* Calico, *set thicke with leaues and boughes: his nakednesse being also artificially shadowed with leaues; on his head he wore a false haire, blacke and disordered, stucke carelessely with flowers.*

The speech of the Cynick *to the Queene and her Traine.*

Cynick STay; whether you humane be or diuine; here is no passage; see you not the earth furrowed? the region solitarie? Cities and Courts fit tumultuous multitudes: this is a place of silence; heere a kingdome I enioy without people; my selfe commands, my selfe obeyes; Host, Cooke, and Guest my selfe; I reape without sowing, owe all to Nature, to none other beholding: my skinne is my coate, my ornaments these boughes and flowers, this Bower my house, the earth my bed, herbes my food, water my drinke; I want no sleepe, nor health; I enuie none, nor am enuied, neither feare I, nor hope, nor ioy, nor grieue: if this be happinesse, I haue it; which you all that depend on others seruice, or command, want: will you be happy? be priuate; turne Pallaces to Hermitages, noies to silence, outward felicitie, to inward content.

A stranger on horse-back was purposely thrust into the troupe disguised, and wrapt in a cloake that he might passe vnknowne, who at the conclusion of this speech beganne to discouer himselfe as a fantastick Trauеller in a silken sute of strange Checker-worke, made vp after the Italian cut, with an Italian hat, a band of gold and silke, answering the colours of his sute, with a Courtly feather, long guilt spurres, and all things answerable.

The Trauellers speech on horse-back.

Trauell. Whether trauels thy tongue ill nurtur'd man? thy manners show madnesse, thy nakednesse pouertie, thy resolution folly; since none will vndertake thy presumption; let mee descend, that I may make thy ignorance know how much it hath injured sacred eares.

The Traueller then dismounts and giues his cloake and horse to his Foot-man, in the meane time the Cynick *speakes.*

Cyn. Naked I am, and so is truth; plaine, and so is honestie; I feare no mans encounter, since my cause deserues neither excuse, nor blame.

Trau. Shall I now chide or pitie thee? thou art as miserable in life, as foolish in thy opinion; answere me; doest thou thinke that all happinesse consists in solitarinesse?

Cyn. I doe.

Trau. And are they vnhappy that abide in societie?

Cyn. They are.

Trau. Doest thou esteeme it a good thing to liue?

Cyn. The best of things.

Trau. Hadst thou not a Father and Mother?

Cyn. Yes.

Trau. Did they not liue in societie?

Cyn. They did.

Trau. And wert not thou one of their societie, when they bred thee, instructing thee to goe, and speake?

Cyn. True.

Trau. Thy birth then and speech in spite of thy splene make thee sociable, goe, thou art but a vaine-glorious counterfait, and wanting that which should make thee happie, contemnest the meanes; view but the heau'ns, is there not aboue vs a Sunne and Moone, giuing and receiuing light? are there not millions of Starres that participate their glorious beames? is there any Element simple? is there not a mixture of all things? and wouldst thou only be singular? action is the end of life, vertue the crowne of action, society the subject of vertue, friendship the band of societie, solitarinesse the breach. Thou art yet yong, and faire enough, wert thou not barbarous, thy soule poore wretch is farre out of tune, make it musicall, come, follow me, and learne to liue.

Cyn.

Cyn. I am conquered by reaſon, and humbly aske pardon for my error, henceforth my heart ſhall honour greatneſſe, and loue ſocietie; leade now, and I will follow as good a fellow as the beſt.

The Traueller *and* Cynick *inſtantly mount on horſe-backe, and haſten to the Parke-gate, where they are receiued by two Keepers, formally attired in greene* Perpetuana, *with ierkins and long hoſe, all things elſe being in colour ſutable, hauing either of them a horne hanging formally at their backes, and on their heads they had greene* Mommoth-*caps, with greene feathers, the one of them in his hand bearing a hooke-bill, and the other a long pike-ſtaffe, both painted greene: with them ſtood two* Robin-Hood-*men, in ſutes of greene ſtriped with blacke, dreſt in doublets with great bellies and wide ſleeues, ſhaped farding-gale-wiſe at the ſhoulders, without wings; their hoſe were round, with long greene ſtockings; on their heads they wore broad flat caps with greene feathers croſſe quite ouer them, carrying greene Bowes in their hands, and greene Arrowes by their ſides.*

In this ſpace Cornets at ſundrie places intertaine the time, till the Queene with her traine is entred into the Parke: and then one of the Keepers preſents her with this ſhort ſpeech.

Keeper. More then moſt welcome, renowned and gracious Queene, ſince your preſence vouchſafes to beautifie theſe woods, whereof I am Keeper, be it your pleaſure to accept ſuch rude intertainment, as a rough Wood-man can yeeld. This is to vs a high holy-day, and henceforth yearly ſhall bee kept and celebrated with our Countrie ſports, in honour of ſo Royall a gueſt; come friends and fellowes now prepare your voices, and preſent your ioyes in a Siluan dance.

Here ſtanding on a ſmooth greene, and enuironed with the Horſe-men, they preſent a Song of fiue Parts, and withall a liue-

ly

ly Siluan-dance of sixe persons: the Robin-hood-*men faine two Trebles, one of the Keepers with the* Cynick *sing two Countertenors, the other Keeper the Base; but the Traueller being not able to sing, gapes in silence, and expresseth his humour in Antike gestures.*

A Song and Dance of sixe, two Keepers, two *Robin-hood*-men, the fantastick Traueller, and the *Cynick*.

DAnce now and sing the ioy, and loue we owe:
Let chearfull voices and glad gestures showe,
The Queene of grace is shee whom we receiue,
Honour and State are her guides,
Her presence they can neuer leaue.
Then in a stately Siluan forme salute
Her euer flowing grace.
Fill all the Woods with Ecchoed welcomes,
And strew with flowers this place:
Let eu'ry bow and plant fresh blossomes yeeld,
And all the aire refine.
Let pleasure striue to please our Goddesse,
For shee is all diuine.

2.

Yet once againe, let vs our measures moue,
And with sweet notes record our ioyfull loue.
An obiect more diuine none euer had.
Beautie, and heau'n-borne worth,
Mixt in perfection neuer fade.
Then with a dance triumphant let vs sing
Her high aduanced praise,
And eu'n to heau'n our gladsome welcomes,
With wings of musick raise;
Welcome, O welcome, euer-honoured Queene,

To

To this now-blessed place,
That groue, that bowre, that house is happy
Which you vouchsafe to grace.

This song being sung and danced twice ouer, they fall instantly into a kinde of *Curranta*, with these wordes following.

NO longer delay her,
'Twere sinne now to stay her
From her ease with tedious sport;
Then welcome still crying,
And swiftly hence flying,
Let vs to our homes resort.

In the end whereof the two Keepers carrie away the Cynick; *and the two* Robin-hood-*men the Traueller, when presently Cornets begins againe to sound in seuerall places, and so continue with varietie, while the Queen passeth through a long smooth greene way, set on each side with Trees in equall distance; all this while her Maiestie being carried in her Caroch.*

But because some wet had fallen that day in the forenoone (though the Garden-walks were made artificially smooth & drie) yet all her foot-way was spred with broad-cloth, and so soone as her Maiestie with her traine were all entred into the Bower Garden, a Gardiner with his Man and Boy, issued out of an Arbour to giue her Highnesse entertainment: The Gardener was suted in gray with a ierkin double iagged all about the wings & skirts, he had a paire of great slops with a cod-peece, and buttoned Gamachios all of the same stuffe; on his head he had a strawne hat, pibaldly dreſt with flowers, and in his hand a siluered spade: His man was also suted in gray with a great buttoned flap on his ierkin, hauing large wings and skirts, with a paire of great slops and Gamachos of the same, on his head he had a strawne hat, and in his hand a siluered Mattox: The Gardiners Boy was in a prettie

suite

sute of flowrie stuffe, with a siluered Rake in his hand: when they approched neere the Queene, they all vaild Bonet, and lowting low, the Gardner began after his anticke fashion this speech.

Gard. Most magnificent and peereleſſe Diety, loe I the ſurueyer of Lady *Floras* workes, welcome your grace with fragrant phraſes into her Bowers, beſeeching your greatneſſe to beare with the late woodden entertainment of the Wood-men, for Woods are more full of weeds then wits, but gardens are weeded, and Gardners witty, as may appeare by me. I haue flowers for all fancies, Tyme for truth, Roſemary for remembrance, Roſes for loue, Hartſeaſe for ioy, and thouſands more, which all harmoniouſly reioyce at your preſence; but my ſelfe, with theſe my Paradiſians heere, will make you ſuch muſick, as the wilde Wooddiſts ſhall bee aſhamed to heare the report of it. Come ſirs prune your pipes, and tune your ſtrings, and agree together like birds of a feather.

A Song of a treble and baſe, ſung by the Gardiners boy and man, to muſicke of Inſtruments, that was readie to ſecond them in the Arbour.

1

VVElcome to this flowrie place,
Faire Goddeſſe and ſole Queene of grace:
All eyes triumph in your ſight,
Which through all this emptie ſpace
Caſts ſuch glorious beames of light.

2

Paradiſe were meeter farre
To entertaine ſo bright a Starre:
But why erres my folly ſo?
Paradiſe is where you are
Heau'n aboue, and heau'n below.

3

Could our powers and wiſhes meete,

How well would they your graces greete,
Yet accept of our desire,
Roses of all flowers most sweete
Spring out of the silly brier.

After this song, the Gardiner speakes againe.

Gard. Wonder not (great Goddesse) at the sweetnesse of our Garden-aire (though passing sweet it be) *Flora* hath perfumed it for you (*Flora* our mistresse, and your seruant) who enuites you yet further into her Paradise; shee inuisibly will leade your grace the way, and we (as our duetie is) visibly stay behinde.

From thence the Queene ascends by a few steps into the vpper Garden, at the end whereof, neere the house, this Song was sung by an excellent counter-tenor voice, with rare varietie of diuision vnto two vnusuall instruments, all being concealed within the Arbour.

1.

O Ioyes exceeding?
From loue, frō power of your wisht sight proceeding!
As a faire morne shines diuinely,
Such is your view, appearing more diuinely.

2.

Your steppes ascending,
Raise high your thoughts for your content contending;
All our hearts of this grace vaunting,
Now leape as they were moued by inchaunting.

So ended the entertainment without the House for that time, and the Queenes pleasure being that night to suppe priuately: The Kings Violins attended her with their sollemnest musick, as an excellent consort in like manner did the next day at dinner.

¶ Supper being ended, her Maiestie accompanied with many Lords and Ladies *came into the Hall, and rested Her selfe in Her Chaire of State, the Scaffoldes of the Hall being on all partes filled with beholders of worth, suddainely forth came the* Traueller, Gardiner, Cynicke, *with the rest of their crue, and others furnished with their Instruments, and in maner following entertaine the time.*

Traueller.

A Hall, a hall for men of moment; Rationals, and Irrationals; but yet not all of one breeding. For I an Academicke am, refined by trauell that haue learn'd what to Courtship belongs, and so deuine a presence as this; if we presse past good manners, laugh at our follies, for you cannot shew vs more fauour, then to laugh at vs. If we proue ridiculous in your sights, we are gracious; and therefore wee beseech you to laugh at vs. For mine owne part (I thanke my Starres for it) I haue beene laught at in most parts of Christendome.

Gardiner. I can neither bragge of my Trauels, nor yet am ashamed of my profession; I make sweet walkes for faire Ladies; Flowers I prepare to adorne them; close Arbours I build wherein their Loues vnseene may court them; and who can doe Ladies better seruice, or more acceptable? when I was a Child and lay in my Cradle, (a very pretie Child) I remember well that Lady *Venus* appeared vnto me, and setting a Siluer Spade and Rake by my Pillow, bad me proue a Gardiner; I told my Mother of it (as became the duetie of a good Child) whereupon
122 shee prouided straight for mee two great Platters full of Pappe; which hauing duetifully deuoured, I grew to this

portrature you see, sprung sodainely out of my Cabine, and fell to my profession.

Trau. Verily by thy discourse thou hast Trauelled much, and I am asham'd of my selfe that I come so farre behind thee; as not once to haue yet mentioned *Venus* or *Cupid*, or any other of the gods to haue appeared to mee. But I will henceforth boast truely, that I haue now seene a Dietie as farre beyond theirs, as the beautie of light is beyond darknesse, or this Feast whereof we haue had our share, is beyond thy Sallets.

Cynick. Sure I am, it hath stir'd vp strange thoughts in me; neuer knew I the difference betweene Wine and Water before. *Bacchus* hath opened mine eyes, I now see brauerie and admire it, beautie & adore it. I find my Armes naked, my discourse rude, but my heart soft as Waxe, ready to melt with the least beame of a faire eye; which (till this time) was as vntractable as Iron.

Gard. I much ioy in thy conuersion, thou hast long beene a mad fellow, and now proue'st a good fellow, let vs all therefore ioyne together sociably in a Song, to the honour of good fellowship.

Cyn. A very Musicall motion, and I agree to it.

Trau. Sing that sing can, for my part I will onely while you sing, keepe time with my gestures. *A la more du France.*

A Song of three Voyces with diuers Instruments.

Night as well as brightest day hath her delight,
Let vs then with mirth and Musicke decke the night,
Neuer did glad day such store
Of ioy to night bequeath.
Her Starres then adore,
Both in Heau'n, and here beneath.

2.

Loue and beautie, mirth and Musicke yeeld true ioyes,
Though the *Cynickes* in their folly count them toyes.
Raise your spirits nere so high,
They will be apt to fall:
None braue thoughts enuie,
Who had ere braue thought at all.

3.

Ioy is the sweete friend of life, the nurse of blood,
Patron of all health, and fountaine of all good:
Neuer may ioy hence depart,
But all your thoughts attend,
Nought can hurt the heart,
That retaines so sweete a friend.

At the end of this Song, enters Siluanus, *shapt after the description of the ancient Writers; His lower parts like a Goate, and his vpper parts in an anticke habit of rich Taffatie, cut into Leaues, and on his head he had a false Haire, with a wreath of long Boughes and Lillies, that hung dangling about his necke, and in his hand a Cypresse branch, in memorie of his loue* Cyparissus, *The Gardiner espying him speakes thus.*

Gard. Silence sirs, here comes *Siluanus* god of these Woods, whose presence is rare, and importes some noueltie.

Trau. Let vs giue place, for this place is fitter for Deities then vs.

They all vanish and leaue Siluanus *alone, who comming neerer to the State, and making a low Congee, speakes.*

SILVANVS.

THat health which harbours in the fresh air'd groues,
Those pleasures which greene hill and valley moues,
Siluanus the commander of them all,

Here

Here offers to this State Emperiall;
Which as a homager he visites now,
And to a greater power his power doth bow,
With all, thus much his duetie signifies:
That there are certaine Semideities,
Belonging to his Siluan walkes, who come
Led with the Musicke of a Spritely drome,
To keepe the night awake and honour you,
(Great Queene) to whom all Honours they hold due,
So rest you full of ioy, and wisht content,
Which though it be not giuen, 'tis fairely ment.

At the end of this speech there is suddainly heard a great noise of drums and phifes, and way being made, eight Pages first enter, with greene torches in their hands lighted; their sutes were of greene Satten, with cloakes and caps of the same, richly and strangely set forth: Presently after them the eight Maskers came, in rich imbrodered sutes of greene Satten with high hats of the same, and all their acoutrements answerable to such Noble and Princely personages, as they concealed vnder their visards, and so they instantly fell into a new dance: at the end whereof they tooke forth the Ladies, and danced with them, and so well was the Queene pleased with her intertainment, that shee vouchsafed to make her selfe the head of their Reuels, and graciously to adorne the place with her personall dancing: much of the night being thus spent with varietie of dances, the Maskers made a conclusion with a second new dance.

At the Queenes parting on wednesday in the afternoone, *the Gardiner with his Man and Boy and three handsome Countrie Maides, the one bearing a rich bagge with linnen in it, the second a rich apron, and the third a rich mantle, appeare all out of an Arbour in the lower Garden, and meeting the Queene, the Gardiner presents this speech.*

GAR-

GARDINER.

STay Goddesse, stay a little space,
Our poore Countrie loue to grace,
Since we dare not too long stay you,
Accept at our hands, we pray you,
These meane presents to expresse
Greater loue, then we professe,
Or can vtter now for woe
Of your parting hast'ned so.
Gifts these are, such as were wrought
By their hands, that them haue brought,
Home-bred things, which they presumed,
After I had them perfumed
With my flowrie incantation,
To giue you in presentation
At your parting, come feate Lasses
With fine cursies, and smooth faces,
Offer vp your simple toyes
To the Mistris of our ioyes;
While we the sad time prolong
With a mournefull parting song.

A Song of three voices continuing while the presents are deliuered and receiued.

1

CAn you the Author of our ioy
So soone depart?
Will you reuiue, and straight destroy,
New mirth to teares conuert?
O that euer cause of gladnesse
Should so swiftly turne to sadnesse!

2

Now as we droupe, so will these flowers
Bard of your sight,

Nothing

Nothing auaile them heau'nly ſhowres
Without your heau'nly light.
When the glorious Sunne forſakes vs,
Winter quickly ouer-takes vs.

3

Yet ſhall our praiers your waies attend,
When you are gone;
And we the tedious time will ſpend,
Remembring you alone.
Welcome here ſhall you heare euer,
But the word of parting neuer.

Thus ends this ample intertainment, which as it was moſt nobly performed, by the right honourable the Lord and Ladie of the houſe, and fortunately executed by all that any way were Actors in it, ſo was it as graciouſly receiued of her Maieſtie, and celebrated with her moſt royall applauſe.

THE DESCRIPTION, SPEECHES, AND SONGS, OF THE LORDS MASKE, PRESENTED IN the Banquetting-house on the mariage night of the high and mightie Count Palatine, *and the royally descended the Ladie* ELISABETH.

(***)

I Haue now taken occasion to satisfie many, who long since were desirous that the Lords maske should be published, which (but for some priuate lets, had in due time come forth. The Scene *was diuided into two parts from the roofe to the floore, the lower part being first discouered (vpon the sound of a double consort, expresst by seuerall instruments, plac't on either side of the roome) there appeared a Wood in prospectiue, the innermost part being of releaue, or whole round, the rest painted. On the left hand from the seate was a Caue, and on the right a thicket, out of which came* Orpheus, *who was attired after the old Greeke manner, his haire curled, and long; a lawrell wreath on his head; and in his hand hee bare a siluer bird, about him tamely placed seuerall wild beasts, and vpon the ceasing of the Consort* Orpheus *spake.*

ORPHEVS.

AGen, agen, fresh kindle *Phœbus* sounds,
T'exhale *Mania* from her earthie den;

Allay the furie that her sense confounds,
And call her gently forth, sound, sound, agen.

The Consorts both sound againe, and Mania *the Goddesse of madnesse appeares wildly out of her caue. Her habit was confused and strange; but yet gracefull, shee as one amazed speaks.*

Mania. What powerfull noise is this importunes me,
T'abandon darkenesse which my humour fits?
Ioues hand in it I feele, and euer he
Must be obai'd eu'n of the franticst wits.

Orpheus. *Mania?*

Mania. Hah.

Orpheus. Braine-sick, why start'st thou so?
Approch yet nearer, and thou then shalt know
The will of *Ioue*, which he will breath from me,

Mania. Who art thou? if my dazeled eyes can see,
Thou art the sweet Enchanter heau'nly *Orpheus*.

Orpheus. The same *Mania*, and *Ioue* greets thee thus,
Though seuerall power to thee, and charge he gaue,
T'enclose in thy Dominions such as raue
Through blouds distemper, how durst thou attempt
T'imprison *Entheus*, whose rage is exempt
From vulgar censure? it is all diuine
Full of celestiall rapture, that can shine
Through darkest shadowes, therefore *Ioue* by me
Commands thy power strait to set *Entheus* free.

Mania. How can I? Franticks, with him many more
In one caue are lockt vp, ope once the dore,
All will flie out, and through the world disturbe,
The peace of *Ioue*; for, what power then can curbe
Their raineless furie?——

Orpheus. ——Let not feare in vaine
Trouble thy crazed fancie, all againe
Saue *Entheus* to thy safeguard shall retire,
For *Ioue* into our musick will inspire

The power of passion, that their thoughts shall bend
To any forme or motion we intend:
Obey *Ioues* willing then, go, set *Entheus* free.

Mania. I willing go, so *Ioue* obey'd must bee.

Orph. Let Musicke put on *Protean* changes now,
Wilde beasts it once tam'd, now let Franticks bow.

At the sound of a strange musicke twelue Franticks enter, six men, and six women, all presented in sundry habits and humours: there was the Louer, the Selfe-louer, the melancholicke-man full of feare, the Schoole-man ouer-come with phantasie, the ouer-watched Vsurer, with others that made an absolute medly of madnesse, in middest of whom Entheus *(or Poeticke furie) was hurried forth, and toss'd vp and downe, till by vertue of a new change in the musicke, the Lunatickes fell into a madde measure, fitted to a loud phantasticke tune, but in the end thereof the musick changed into a very solemne ayre, which they softly played, while* Orpheus *spake.*

Orph. Through these soft and calme sounds *Mania* passe
With thy Phantasticks hence; heere is no place
Longer for them or thee; *Entheus* alone
Must do *Ioues* bidding now, all else be gone.

During this speech, Mania *with her Franticks depart, leauing* Entheus *behind them, who was attired in a close Curace of the Antickefashion, Bases with labels, a Roabe fastned to his shoulders, and hanging downe behind; on his head a wreath of Lawrell, out of which grew a paire of wings, in the one hand he held a booke, and in the other a pen.*

Enth. Diuinest *Orpheus*, ô how all from thee
Proceed with wondrous sweetnesse, am I free?
Is my affliction vanish't?

Orph.—Too too long
Alas, good *Entheus*, hast thou brook't this wrong;
What? number thee with madmen? ô mad age,
Senceleſſe of thee, and thy celestiall rage.

For thy excelling rapture, eu'n through things
That seems most light, is borne with sacred wings:
Nor are these Musicks, Showes, or Reuels vaine,
When thou adorn'st them with thy *Phœbean* braine;
Th'are pallate sicke of much more vanitie,
That cannot taste them in their dignitie.
Ioue therefore lets thy prison'd spright obtaine
Her libertie and fiery scope againe:
And heere by me commands thee to create
Inuentions rare, this night to celebrate,
Such as become a nuptiall by his will
Begun and ended,——

Enth.——*Ioue* I honor still,
And must obey, *Orpheus* I feele the fires
Are reddy in my braine, which *Ioue* enspires,
Loe, through that vaile, I see *Prometheus* stand
Before those glorious lights, which his false hand
Stole out of heau'n, the dull earth to enflame
With the affects of Loue, and honor'd Fame,
I view them plaine in pompe and maiestie.
Such as being seene might hold riualitie,
With the best triumphes; *Orpheus* giue a call
With thy charm'd musicke, and discouer all.

Orph. Flie cheerfull voices, through the ayre, and clear
These clouds, that yon hid beautie may appeare.

A Song.

1.

COme away; bring thy golden theft,
Bring bright *Prometheus* all thy lights,
Thy fires from Heau'n bereft
Shew now to humane sights.
Come quickly, come, thy stars to our stars straight present,
For pleasure being too much defer'd, loseth her best cõtẽt;

What fair dames wish, should swift as their own thoughts
appeare,
To louing & to longing harts euery houre seemes a yeare.

2

See how faire: O how faire they shine,
What yeelds more pompe beneath the skies?
Their birth is yet diuine,
And such their forme implies.
Large grow their beames, their nere approch afford thẽ so
By nature sights that pleasing are, cãnot too amply show,
O might these flames in humane shapes descẽd this place,
How louely would their presence be, how full of grace!

In the end of the first part of this Song, the vpper part of the Scene was discouered by the sodaine fall of a curtaine, then in clowdes of seuerall colours (the vpper part of them being fierie, and the middle heightned with siluer) appeared eight Starres of extraordinarie bignesse, which so were placed, as that they seemed to be fixed betweene the Firmament and the Earth; in the front of the Scene stood Prometheus, *attyred as one of the ancient Heroes.*

Enth. Patron of mankinde, powerfull and bounteous,
Rich in thy flames, reuerend *Prometheus*,
In *Hymens* place aide vs to solempnize
These royall Nuptials, fill the lookers eyes
With admiration of thy fire and light,
And from thy hand let wonders flow to night.

Prom. *Entheus* and *Orpheus* names both deare to me,
In equall ballance I your Third will be
In this nights honour, view these heau'n borne Starres,
Who by my stealth are become Sublunars.
How well their natiue beauties fit this place,
Which with a chorall danee they first shall grace,
Then shall their formes to humane figures turne,
And these bright fires within their bosomes burne.

Orpheus

Orpheus apply thy musick for it well
Helps to induce a Courtly miracle.
Orp. Sound best of Musicks, raise yet higher our sprights,
While we admire *Prometheus* dancing lights.

A Song.

1

ADuance your Chorall motions now
You musick-louing lights,
This night concludes the nuptiall vow,
Make this the best of nights,
So brauely Crowne it with your beames,
That it may liue in fame,
As long as *Rhenus* or the *Thames*
Are knowne by either name.

2

Once moue againe, yet nearer moue
Your formes at willing view,
Such faire effects of ioy and loue,
None can expresse but you,
Then reuell midst your ayrie Bowres
Till all the clouds doe sweat,
That pleasure may be powr'd in showres
On this triumphant Seat.

3

Long since hath louely *Flora* throwne
Her Flowers and Garlands here,
Rich *Ceres* all her wealth hath showne,
Prowde of her daintie cheare.
Chang'd then to humane shape descend,
Clad in familiar weede.
That euery eye may here commend
The kinde delights you breede.

According to the humour of this Song, the Starres mooued in an exceeding ſtrange and delightfull maner, and I ſuppoſe fewe haue euer ſeene more neate artifice, then Maſter Innigoe Iones *ſhewed in contriuing their Motion, who in all the reſt of the workmanſhip which belong'd to the whole inuention, ſhewed extraordinarie induſtrie and skill, which if it be not as liuely expreſt in writing as it appeared in view, robbe not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his inſtructions for the adoring of his Arte. But to returne to our purpoſe; about the end of this Song, the Starres ſuddainely vaniſhed, as if they had beene drowned amongſt the Cloudes, and the eight Maskers appeared in their habits, which were infinitly rich, befitting States (ſuch as indeede they all were) as alſo a time ſo farre heightned the day before, with all the richeſt ſhew of ſolemnitie that could be inuented. The ground of their attires was maſſie Cloth of Siluer, embоſſed with flames of Embroidery, on their heads, they had Crownes, Flames made all of Gold-plate Enameled, and on the top a Feather of Silke, repreſenting a cloude of ſmoake. Vpon their new transformation, the whole Scæne being Cloudes diſperſed, and there appeared an Element of artificiall fires, with ſeuerall circles of lights, in continuall motion, repreſenting the houſe of* Prometheus, *who then thus applies his ſpeech to the Maskers.*

They are transformed.

Prometh. So, pauſe awhile, and come yee fierie ſpirits,
Breake forth the earth-like ſparks t'attend theſe Knights.

Sixteene Pages like fierie ſpirits, all their attires bing alike compoſed of flames, with fierie Wings and Baſes, bearing in either hand a Torch of Virgine Waxe, come forth below dauncing a liuely meaſure, and the Daunce being ended, Prometheus *ſpeakes to them from aboue.*

The Torch-bearers Daunce.

Pro. WAit spirits wait, while through the clouds we pace,
And by descending gaine a hier place.

The Pages returne toward the Scane, to giue their attendance to the Maskers with their lights: from the side of the Scene appeared a bright and transparant cloud, which reached from the top of the heauens to the earth: on this cloud the Maskers led by Prometheus, descended with the musicke of a full song; and at the end of their descent, the cloud brake in twaine, and one part of it (as with a winde) was blowne ouerthwart the Scene.

While this cloud was vanishing, the wood being the vnder-part of the Scene, was insensibly changed, and in place thereof appeared foure Noble women-statues of siluer, standing in seuerall nices, accompanied with ornaments of Architecture, which filled all the end of the house, and seemed to be all of gold-smithes work. The first order consisted of Pillasters all of gold, set with Rubies, Saphyrs, Emeralds, Opals, and such like. The Capitels were composed, and of a new inuention. Ouer this was a bastard order with Cartouses reuersed, comming from the Capitels of euery Pillaster, which made the vpper part rich and full of ornament. Ouer euery statue was placed a history in gold, which seemed to be of base releaue; the conceits which were figured in them were these. In the first was Prometheus, embossing in clay the figure of a woman, in the second he was represented stealing fire from the chariot-wheele of the Sunne: in the third, he is exprest putting life with this fire into his figure of clay; and in the fourth square, Iupiter enraged, turnes these new made women into statues. Aboue all, for finishing, ran a Cornish, which returned ouer euery Pillaster, seeming all of gold and richly carued.

A full Song.

SVpported now by Clouds descend,
Diuine *Prometheus*, *Hymens* friend,
Leade downe the new transformed fires,
And fill their breasts with loues desires:
That they may reuell with delight,
And celebrate this nuptiall night,
So celebrate this nuptiall night,
That all which see may stay.
They neuer viewed so faire a sight,
Euen on the cleerest day.

While this Song is sung, and the Maskers court the fowre new transformed Ladies, foure other Statues appeare in their places.

Entheus. See, see *Prometheus*, foure of these first dames
Which thou long since out of thy purchac't flames,
Did'st forge with heau'nly fire, as they were then,
By *Ioue* transformed to Statues, so agen,
They suddenly appeare by his command
At thy arriuall, Loe how fixt they stand,
So did *Ioues* wrath too long, but now at last,
It by degrees relents, and he hath plac't
These Statues, that we might his ayde implore,
First for the life of these, and then for more.

Prom. *Entheus*, Thy councels are diuine and iust,
Let *Orpheus* decke thy Hymne, since pray we must.

The first Innocation in a full Song.

POwerfull *Ioue*, that of bright starres,
Now hast made men fit for warres;
Thy power in these Statues proue,
And make them women fit for loue.

Orpheus. See *Ioue* is pleas'd, Statues haue life & moue,

Goe new-borne men, and entertaine with loue,
These new-borne women, though your number yet
Exceedes their's double, they are arm'd with wit,
To beare your best encounters, Court them faire:
When words and Musicke speake, let none despaire.

THE SONG.

WOoe her, and win her, he that can,
Each woman hath two louers,
So shee must take and leaue a man,
Till time more grace discouers;
This doth *Ioue* to shew that want,
Makes beautie most respected;
If faire women were more skant,
They would be more affected.

2.

Courtship and Musicke, suite with loue,
They both are workes of passion,
Happie is he whose words can moue,
Yet sweete notes helpe perswasion.
Mixe your words with Musicke then,
That they the more may enter;
Bold assaults are fit for men,
That on strange beauties venture.

Promet. Cease, cease your woing strife, see *Ioue* intends,
To fill your number vp, and make all friends,
Orpheus, and *Eutheus*, ioyne your skils once more,
And with a Hymne the Dietie implore.

The second Inuocation to the tune of the first.

POwerfull *Ioue*, that hast giuen fower,
Raise this number but once more,

That

That complete, their numerous feet
May aptly in iuſt meaſures meet.

The other foure ſtatues are transformed into women, in the time of this inuocation.

Enth. The number's now complete, thankes be to *Ioue*,
No man needs feare a Riuall in his loue;
For, all are ſped, and now begins delight,
To fill with glorie, this triumphant night.

The Maskers hauing euery one entertained his Lady, begin their firſt new entring dance: after it, while they breath, the time is entertained with a dialogue ſong.

BReath you now, while Io Hymen
To the Bride we ſing:
O how many ioyes, and honors,
From this match will ſpring?
Euer firme the league will proue,
Where only goodneſſe cauſeth loue.
Some for profit ſeeke
What their fancies moſt diſleeke,
Theſe loue for vertues ſake alone:
Beautie and youth vnite them both in one.

CHORVS.

Liue with thy Bridegroome happy, ſacred Bride;
How bleſt is he, that is for loue enui'd.

The Maskers ſecond dance.

130 BReath againe, while we with muſicke
Fill the emptie ſpace:
O but do not in your dances,
Your ſelues only grace.

Eu'ry one fetch out your *Pheare,*
Whom chiefely you will honor heere,
Sights moſt pleaſure breed,
When their numbers moſt exceed:
Chuſe then, for choice to all is free,
Taken or left, none diſcontent muſt bee.

CHORVS.

Now in thy Reuels frolicke-faire delight,
To heape Ioy on this euer honored night.

The Maskers during this Dialogue take out others to daunce with them, men women, and women men, and firſt of all the Princely Bridegroome and Bride were drawne into theſe ſolemne Reuels, which continued a long ſpace, but in the end were broken off with this ſhort Song.

A Song.

CEaſe, ceaſe you Reuels, reſt a ſpace,
New pleaſures preſſe into this place,
Full of beautie and of grace.

The whole ſcæne was now againe changed, and became a proſpectiue with Porticoes on each ſide, which ſeemed to go in a great way, in the middle was erected an Obeliske, all of ſiluer, and in it lights of ſeuerall colours, on the ſide of this Obeliske, ſtanding on Pedeſtals, were the ſtatues of the Bridegroome and Bride, all of gold in gratious poſtures. This Obeliske was of that height, that the toppe thereof touched the higheſt cloudes, and yet Sybilla *did draw it forth with a threed of gold. The graue* Sage *was in a Roabe of gold tuckt vp before to her girdle, a Kirtle gathered full, and of ſiluer; with a vaile on her head, being bare neckt, and bearing in her hand a ſcrole of Parchment.*

Entheus.

Eutheus. Make cleare the paſſage to *Sibilla's* ſight,
Who with her Trophee comes, to crowne this night,
And as her ſelfe with Muſicke ſhall be led,
So ſhall ſhee pull on with a golden thread.
A high vaſt *Obeliske*, dedicate to fame,
Which immortalitie it ſelfe did frame.
Raiſe high your voices now, like Trumpets fill,
The roome with ſounds of Triumph, ſweete and ſhrill.

A Song.

COme triumphing, come with ſtate,
Old *Sibilla*, reuerend Dame,
Thou keep'ſt the ſecret key of fate,
Preuenting ſwifteſt fame.
This night breath onely words of ioy,
And ſpeake them plaine, now be not coy,

Sib.

DEbetur alto iure, Principium Ioui,
Votis det ipſe vim meis, dictis fidem.
Vtrinq; decoris ſplendet egregium Iubar,
Medio triumphus mole ſtat dignus ſua,
Cœlumq; ſummo Capite dilectum petit;
Quam pulchra pulchro ſponſa reſpondet viro!
Quam plena numinis? Patrem vultu exprimit,
Parens futura maſculæ prolis, Parens
Regum, imperatorum: Additur Germaniæ
Robur Britannicum. ecquid eſſe par poteſt?
Vtramq; iunget vna mens gentem, fides,
Deiq; Cultus vnus, & ſimplex amor.
Idem erit vtriq; hoſtis, ſodalis idem, idem
Votum periclitantium, atq; eadem manus.
Fauebit illis Pax, fauebit bellica
Fortuna, ſemper aderit Adiutor Deus.

Sic, sic Sibilla; vocibus nec his deest
Pondus, nec hoc inane momumentum trahit.
Et aureum est, & quale nec flammas timet,
Nec fulgura, ipsi quippe sacratur Ioui.

Pro. The good old *Sage* is silenc't, her free tongue
That made such melodie, is now vnstrung:
Then grace her Trophee with a dance triumphant,
Where *Orpheus* is none can fit musick want.

A Song and dance triumphant of the Maskers.

1

DAnce, dance, and visit now the shadowes of our ioy,
All in height, and pleasing state, your changed formes imploy.
And as the bird of *Ioue* salutes, with loftie wing, the morn;
So mount, so flie, these Trophees to adorne.
Grace them with all the sounds and motions of delight,
Since all the earth cannot expresse a louelier sight,
View them with triumph, and in shades the truth adore,
No pompe or sacrifice can please *Ioues* greatnesse more.

2

Turne, turne, and honor now the life, these figures beare,
Loe, how heau'nly natures farre aboue all art appeare,
Let their aspects reuiue in you, the fire that shin'd so late,
Still mount and still retaine, your heauenly state.
Gods were with dance, and with musick seru'd of old,
Those happie daies derin'd their glorious stile from gold:
This pair by *Hymen* ioyn'd, grace you with measures then,
Since they are both diuine, and you are more then men.

Orph. Let here *Sybilla's* Trophee stand,
Leade her now by either hand,
That shee may approch yet nearer,

And the Bride and Bridegroome heare her
Bleſſe them in her natiue tongue,
Wherein old propheſies ſhee ſung,
Which time to light hath brought:
Shee ſpeakes that which *Ioue* hath taught.
Well may he inſpire her now,
To make a ioyſull and true vow.

Syb. *Sponſam ſponſe toro tene pudicam,*
Sponſum ſponſa tene toro pudicum.
Non hæc vnica nox datur beatis,
At vos perpetuò hæc beabit vna
Prole multiplici, pariq́, amore.
Læta, ac vera refert Sybilla, ab alto
Ipſe Iuppiter annuit loquenti.

Pro. So be it euer, ioy and peace,
And mutuall loue giue you increaſe,
That your poſteritie may grow
In fame, as long as Seas doe flow.
Enth. Liue you long to ſee your ioyes,
In faire Nymphs and Princely Boyes:
Breeding like the Garden flowers,
Which kinde heau'n drawes with her warme ſhowers.
Orph. Enough of bleſſing, though too much
Neuer can be ſaid to ſuch;
But night doth waſt, and *Hymen* chides,
Kinde to Bridegroomes and to Brides,
Then ſinging the laſt dance induce,
So let good night preuent excuſe.

The Song.

NO longer wrong the night
Of her *Hymen*, or right,
A thousand *Cupids* call away,
Fearing the approching day,
The Cocks alreadie crow,
Dance then and goe.

The last new Dance of the Maskers, which concludes all with a lively straine at their going out.